



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

#### The Three Pictures.

BY LOUISE M. MEDINA.

'Life may change, but it may fly not;  
Hope may vanish, yet can die not;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
Love repulsed, but it returneth.'

SHELLEY'S HELLAS.

'Look upon this picture, and on this.'—HAMLET.

BRIGHT, beautiful, betwitching yet faulty, Florence Rivers, how in these days of perfectioned paragons and unerring monsters shall your biographer attempt to describe you? How shall the record of your too often misguided actions, be submitted to those critical eyes used to peruse the faultless, godlike, heroic and sublime sayings and doings of such models of propriety, as the world ne'er saw? How shall the pen which relates your folly, your sorrow, and suffering, invest you with the name of heroine, when almost every attribute of such a being is wanting—when you neither attitudinized like the statue which enchants the world—talked blank verse like the player queen in Hamlet—lived upon immaterial air like aameleon, nor achieved wonders of goodness enough to call Socrates from the tomb of the mighty past, to behold the impersonation of his goddess—Virtue. Nothing of all this did you or could you do. Oh! fair and fascinating, but foolish Florence Rivers. Yet such as you were—yea, such as to this day you are, capricious as an April day, yet with all its sun shiny, showery beauty impetuous as the rushing stream, yet bright and pure as its waters, such as you were and are—you are my heroine.

In the hall of your fathers, that spacious, low built flower-entwined southern mansion, which stands far away in fair Florida, there are three likenesses of you. I loved you ere I knew you by looking upon them. I loved you still more since I saw you five times more lovely, and fifty times more mischievous than even they bespeak you. There you are in the first large, group, hiding in all the wild exuberance of bounding youth, behind the laburnum tree, tossing that nondescript,

bright plumaged bird which you have perched in your hand, so lightly into air, as if you would send it winging to its native skies, and yourself follow after. With what a delighted glee you look back upon your baffled seekers! How arch, how mischievous is the smile that is lightening over your face! Every disordered ringlet which is wantoning over your young heaving breast has grace and wilfulness in its curls—every careless fold of your torn and disarranged dress bespeaks a wild recklessness of custom or control. You never gave sober, solemn sittings for this beautiful picture, fair Florence; a young artist who witnessed the hide and seek, and had that bending, buoyant form impressed all too forcibly upon his memory, painted the picture from recollection, and embodied the scene for ever.

The second is a full length portrait, and was taken by your own desire, as a lasting memento of your severest trial. It represents you arrayed in the robes of a Sultana, for a masked ball, the rich satin gorgeously embroidered with gold, seems to heave and swell beneath the proud panting of the breast it covers, and the tiara which binds the brow, expresses not more imperial command than the haughty eye and curling lip. No smile graces that mouth which seems made for the home of love, but in its place a bitter sneer seems to defy and scorn the world. The left hand holds a mask, the right extends a miniature, (just drawn from the bosom,) with a cold and proud gesture. Can this be the same bright, joyous hider in the garden? The features are the same, but their expression—how different! It is an unpleasant contemplation, turn we from it to the third. Why how is this? Who have we here? By the side of a couch, but indistinctly seen kneels a Sister of Charity. Her hands are folded in anguish on her breast, and her raised countenance seems appealing to Heaven for mercy. What unutterable woe is there! How hopeless, yet how resigned is that face! Yet the loose, coarse dress and close cap cannot hide the matchless symmetry of form and feature, nor yet can that

despairing expression utterly change the lineaments of Florence Rivers. It is herself. How graphic, how deeply interesting are all the pictures; how full of moral lesson, how descriptive of life's varied changes; how corrective to passion and pride!

#### PICTURE I.

All thoughts, all passions, all desires,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame  
Are all but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame.—COLERIDGE.

Colonel Wilton Rivers, the grand father of Florence, might have had engraven on his tomb stone, that he was the friend and fellow soldier of George Washington, in synonymous terms that he was a just, brave and honorable man. An Englishman by birth, an aristocrat by blood, and a high tory by education; he was still, wonderful to relate, free from prejudice and pride; he served as a volunteer in the British service, under General Braddock, and fought side by side with his immortal friend through that disastrous campaign. Inspired by example, and elevated by his patriotism and piety, with Washington, also, he resigned the British service, and gave his arm to the cause of the cradled Goddess—American Liberty. He lived to see her in her full grown glory, spreading rich blessings over the favored land in which she had raised her noblest trophies—he lived to rejoice in a virtuous wife and affectionate children, then full of years and honors, he was laid down to his rest, near to where the ashes of his loved and honored friend had consecrated the spot to grateful recollection.

In the vast concourse of strangers who visited the new Republic, came distinguished foreigners, of the name of Meronville. Adele, the daughter, was seen by Washington Rivers, the only son of the revolutionary hero, and no sooner seen than loved. He was young, *distingue* and wealthy. Mad'elle Adele de Meronville thought he would be no despicable match. She threw on him the softest glance of those bright black eyes, and sighed, '*Ah! qu'il a l'air noble!*' then very prettily blushed at remembering that the southerner spoke French. The heart of

Washington became uneasy—it was dangerous ground.

‘Your gentlemens Americaine not at all feel de what you call love, *ou ne compered pas iu, une grande passion, une affaire de coeur*—ah! I much wish’—

‘What does Mad’elle de Meronville wish?’ asked Rivers, as the perspiration began to drop off his nose; and if he had been sufficiently composed, he might have added, in the impassioned words of an English poet, Lord Littleton, when his mistress gazed at the moon, ‘Wish not for that, beloved, alas! I cannot give it thee.’

‘Only dat I not have no heart at all,’ responds the fair Adele, pressing a small hand most sentimentally over the region, where, embedded in cambric and lace, her heart might be supposed to lie.

‘And why—wherefore?’ gasped out Rivers. The odds were ten to one on Adele—the goal in view, and the favorite as fresh as at starting.

‘Because, *parceque*—ah! Monsieur Rivers, me must not tell dat to you—*Ah ciel!* what do I say! *Pour l’amour de Dieu*, let me go!’

The game was up, the race was won, the Adele won the plate of matrimony, and the Washington Rivers was a loser indeed.

This trifling sketch of the mother of Florence has been given as an excuse for her foibles—brought up until sixteen years of age by a frivolous coquette, even the sound principle and sterling sense of her father, could not wholly counteract the baneful influence on her mind, and amidst the rich seeds of many virtues, the tares of bad example and worse precept sprang up, to be consumed only by the purifying fires of adversity. We have said that Florence Rivers had little of a heroine about her, except one, however—her rare and marvelous beauty. Oh, glorious as the Creator’s last and loveliest work was that bright face, where every God had seemed to set his seal! Bright as the twin born stars where those dark eyes, in which as in the sleeping waters of the Isle of Founts, all heavenly things were glassed, and that pure, transparent cheek, Nature and Truth seemed to have chosen as a tablet to record their purest feelings on. In the unerring grace of every unstudied movement, in the rich music of every silver sound dwelt the charm, ‘the might, the majesty of loveliness,’ and the beholder would feel, as he gazed on Florence Rivers, that if Virtue were *not* throned on that fair brow, never did deceit dwell in such a gorgeous palace. A slight scene at the early age of twelve, will better describe her, than a volume of words.

‘Look, my beautiful Florence, what your father has presented you, to go to the ball to-night,’ exclaimed Mrs. Rivers to her

daughter at the same time holding up a pair of pearl bracelets.

‘Mon dieu! is not this a charming birthday present?’

Florence was in raptures. She tried on the bracelets—she turned to the glass and blushed. Florence began to feel that she was beautiful.

‘Where is Phœbe to dress me? That stupid girl is so slow! I am dying to see how my new white satin fits me. Phœbe—why I say Phœbe! Go some of the slaves to call her—how *dare* she keep me waiting so?’

A dozen of negroes of all sizes came out of their burrows at this command, and after a short lapse, the tardy Phœbe arrived to dress her young lady, and stand a no gentle reprimand for her dilatoriness. The girl, who was a white servant, made no reply, but exactly as the white satin dress, richly ornamented with blonde, was to be put on Florence’s eye fell on Phœbe’s hands. She started back. ‘Why, you nasty, untidy girl, what on earth ails your hands? They are as black as nigger’s; are you not ashamed to handle my beautiful satin with those filthy paws? Go and scour them!’

The girl colored deeply.

‘They are not dirty, Miss Florence, they are only stained.’

‘That’s false!’ exclaimed the southerner’s daughter, ‘the very sight of them has made me sick. I would sooner stay at home forever, than be touched by such hands—pray leave me, and send Marston, my mother’s maid, to help me.’

In much emotion, and with tears in her eyes, Phœbe obeyed her young lady’s rough command.

‘Misse,’ said an old slave called Lucretia.

‘Well,’ responded Florence, fretfully.

‘Dar’s not dirt, dat white gal’s got a poor ole moder sick wid de rheumatize, she rub ole moder’s legs wid doctor’s stuff, and dat’s what blacks her hands so?’

Every drop of blood rushed in burning shame to the cheeks of Florence.

‘Old and poor!’ she said hesitatingly.

‘Hay—ya, Misse, poor ole white woman, poor cretur!—no such fortin as to be a nigger slave, wid a good massa and plenty to eat.’

‘Where does she live, Lucretia?’

‘Whar does she live?—oh, dar yonder, in dat ole miser’ble shanty.—Tank de stars, I’m ole nigger.’

‘Go and leave me now, Lucretia, go away.’ The slave obeyed, and Florence wrung her hands in agony unutterable. ‘Shame—shame on me! what have I done? Insulted an affectionate daughter, trampled on an aching heart, oppressed the virtuous sufferer? And I have nothing, not one *sous*—not a picayune to give her! Oh! that these delicate hands

of mine were black as hers, or as my own heart, to punish me!’

The carriage was at the door; Mrs. Rivers waiting, but Florence not to be found. There lay the satin dress, but its destined wearer was invisible. Inquiries were then made, messengers dispatched, and scoldings given, in the midst of which entered Florence, with red eyes and a flushed face. Mrs. Rivers opened fire.

‘Florence! where in wonder’s name have you been all this time?’

‘Out, madam.’

‘Out! and alone!’ vociferated the unwise parent, taking no cue from the visible distress of her child. ‘Out and alone! Where? I insist on knowing.’

‘Mother, let me be with you alone,’ murmured the agitated girl, who was now surrounded by all the household.

‘No, Miss; *here*—explain to me *here* the meaning of all this. I want no private prevarications, let your account of yourself be public.’

All the moral pride of Florence rose to her aid—her cheek flushed, and her downcast eyes were proudly raised. She advanced and took the hand of Phœbe, who was standing back, anxiously feeling for her dear young mistress.

‘Publicly, then, be my shame confessed, and my apology made. Mother, I have this night behaved in a manner unworthy my father’s child, unworthy the name of Christian. My fretful vanity insulted this worthy girl, and I have sacrificed my darling vice, the love of dress, as an expiation. Phœbe, I have given my pearl bracelets to your poor old mother; will you forgive my unfeeling insult?’

Mrs. Rivers actually gasped with passion, but before her folly could turn the generous flow of her daughter’s genuine humility into stubborn wrath, Mr. Rivers fortunately made his appearance. He had heard all, and now took his daughter’s hand.

‘My child, you have done well; reparation was in your power, and you have made it. I will redeem the bracelets at the price of comfort to Phœbe’s mother, and you shall not wear an ornament again until this day twelvemonth. Go, now, my Florence, be light of heart; you are more dressed in your love and repentance, than if you were decked in the diamonds of Golconda.’

With such different preceptors can it be wondered at that Florence, at the age of sixteen, was a mixture of generosity and caprice, principle and pride?

Among the distinguished visitors who thronged to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rivers of Florida, was Francis Wellesley, Lord De Vere. He was a younger son of one of England’s noblest families, and had



chosen the sea for his profession, where his own merit and his connections' interest, had speedily advanced him to the rank of Post Captain.

Many years constant service abroad had much impaired his health, and he had been attached to the English embassy to America, as nominal Secretary of Legation, on leave of absence for two years, for the purpose of recruiting it. Very soon did Mr. Rivers discover in his quiet, reserved guest, one of the master spirits of the age: a man who, had he lived in stirring times, would have been a Brutus, a Leonidas, or a Buonaparte. Grave and calm almost to a fault, deep was the stream of intellect and resolve which flowed below the unruffled surface; in all posts of danger requiring rapid presence of mind, and indomitable fortitude, De Vere was the man selected to fill them; with him action so instantly followed words that it had become a proverb with his men—'The Captain's word and blow, doubtful which comes first'—and yet never had either fallen unjustly. Stern and cold in matters of duty, he was feared as a martinet on the quarter-deck. Generous and mild in private life, he was worshipped as an angel by those who knew his goodness: liberal to a fault—he was a miser only of human blood—yet even in that he was lavishly profuse with his own, and they who followed him to face danger, were sure he was the first man to brave it in its fiercest onset. Little, it would be thought, had such a man to attract the volatile Florence. But the mystery of the human heart no eye may read—the very contrast of their dispositions first moved her curiosity—the unbending politeness of his attentions piqued her pride—the profundity and power of his knowledge commanded her respect—the unpretending modesty of his demeanor, joined to the report of his chivalrous actions, won her admiration, and the manly dignity of his face and form, enchained her love. Yes, Florence—the flower of Florida—the sought—the courted—the wayward Florence, yielded to a stranger her heart's first love.

'Why then idolatry? Aye, that's the word  
To speak the deepest, broadest, wildest passion  
That ever woman's heart was awayed withal.'

And was De Vere, the phlegmatic, cool, reasoning philosopher wholly unmoved by the beautiful southerner. No; few men could be so, and certainly not De Vere; but he had early been the slave of passion—had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind, and bought at last, with the sacrifice of tranquillity and peace of mind the fatal necessity for controlling passion by reason. He was fascinated by the youthful beauty's brilliant manners, interested in her many excellent traits of temper, and not altogether unmoved by the tale which his knowledge of women, easily

read in her crimsoning blush, her faltering speech, and starting tear, whenever he addressed her. Still she was a coquette—yes, and a most tyrannical and inconsistent one too; and De Vere turned from the contemplation of her heavenly face with a sigh. The struggle between philosophy and nature was soon to be resolved.

An invitation to pass some days at the villa of a wealthy New Orleans merchant, included Lord De Vere, and after a little hesitation he determined to accept it.

'I will see her surrounded with admirers, and overwhelmed with flattery. I will narrowly watch if this paltry homage supercedes her feelings for reason and me; if so, why then farewell at once, fair Florida, and this your sweetest daughter! Beautiful as thou art, and dear as thou would'st be, were thy mind equal to thy face, I would sooner trust my ship on the breakers, than my happiness in thy hands, oh, loveliest Florence!'

And the philosopher descended to the saloon, to await the appearance of Miss Rivers. She was already there, very simply dressed, and bending in exquisite grace over a harp whose chords she was lightly touching.

'Ah, Lord De Vere, I am bidding farewell to my harp, I am sorry to leave my favorite harp even for a week.'

'There will, probably, be other instruments at Mr. Trevanion's, Miss Rivers,' remarked the unsympathizing philosopher,

'Yes, but not this *one*,' she replied thoughtfully, 'there may be hundreds handsomer to look on, and sweeter to hear, but none endeared to me by the associations of this.'

Her eyes were cast down, De Vere felt sure that she alluded to duetts played on that harp with former lovers.

'She is taking a wrong course to make me speak,' thought he, 'besides, I detest manœuvring;' then aloud, 'may I be permitted to ask Miss Rivers what those soft associations were connected with this harp?'

'It was my mother's.'

The reply was but in four words, but the holy pathos of a child's affection, infused into them a deep melody that spoke to the very soul. De Vere had heard no favorable account of Mrs. Rivers—but she had loved her child, and dearly had that child returned her love. She was gone, and her daughter's heart remembered not her faults, but sacredly enshrined her good qualities—hourly to love and to regret them.

The hand of De Vere has clasped that of Florence.

'Florence,' he said softly, 'dear Florence.'

Her heart heaved—the hand was softly stolen round her waist—she could not forbear her triumph, and sprang laughingly away exclaiming,—

'*Madre de Dios*, pray do not become sen-

timental, for there's nothing in life I detest so much; and see, too, you have thrown my orange blossom from my girdle—the very blossom young Trevanion gave me, and I promised to wear it for his sake. You really are extremely amazing, *Monsieur Le Philosophe!*' And stooping to recover her flower, she pressed it to her lips, and went out of the room caroling gaily. He gazed after her.

'And you really are extremely fascinating, *ma belle Florence*: but you never will be Francis Wellesley's wife.'

They both were wrong.

Above a week had passed away in the luxurious villa of Mr. Trevanion, and, as De Vere had rightly conjectured, Florence yielded herself wholly to the delights of coquetting with, and tyrannizing over, a horde of flattering admirers. Indeed, so numerous were her vagaries, so inconstant her caprices, that daily was the noble heart of her real lover becoming weaned from his attachment—and deeply was her excellent father shocked to behold the alienation of what he so anxiously coveted for his wayward child—a rational, manly husband. It was at this beautiful seat, called Versailles, from its resemblance to its fair-famed namesake in points of scenery, and which, situated immediately on the river, afforded all the various amusements of boating, fishing, and watching the steamboats, that the incident occurred which occasioned the first picture. Florence had made capture of an extraordinary nondescript species of a bird, with which she would fool all day, and immoderately caress, to the extreme discomfiture of her suitors. Nothing gave her more delight than to run away with her chirping pet, and Beatrice-like, hide, to hearken to the dispraise of herself, which, unlike the heroine of Shakespeare, gave her unmeasured amusement.

Amongst her suitors was one who, like young Edwin, bowed, but never talked of love. This was the talented young artist who beheld and portrayed her hide and seek; and her heartless encouragement of this poor youth completed the measure of De Vere's disgust.

One night, when he had retired earlier than usual, sickened with gaiety, angry with Florence, himself and all the world, and terribly oppressed by the intense heat, he was awakened from his restless couch by a strange rushing sound.

'It must be a steamer on the river,' was his first thought; but the noise was too near, too loud for that.

He arose hastily, and threw on his clothes. Can it be a fog from the water which encircles the farthest wing of the house so densely? No, it deepens—and look! gracious heavens, it is followed by flame—the villa is on fire!

Often and often had Wellesley stood upon a gun while smoke and flame had whirled and blazed around him, but never before had he felt the sickening fear which now appalled his heart, as he beheld that part of the villa where Florence slept, on fire. To drop from the balcony to the ground, to alarm the sleeping inmates—to rush wildly along to the burning wing, were but the actions of a minute—the slight door gave way to his tremendous rush, and in he burst, wildly calling on the name of Florence! And now as if in fierce derision of their festal fires and gala lights, the magnificent but terrible element rushed up in mighty tongues to the skies, blazing, crackling, rolling its volumed masses like a victorious foe, far and near, while its hot breath scorched the cheek of Wellesley, and seemed to woo him to his grave. A wail, a sound of woe, directed him; he rushed to the direction whence it proceeded, and beheld the father and daughter locked in each other arms.

'De Vere, thanks! oh merciful God!' exclaimed the agonized father. 'De Vere, save—oh, save my child!' and he sank senseless on the ground.

'Florence! beloved, dearest Florence, come!'

'And leave my father! oh, noble, excellent De Vere, save but my father's life—think not of me; 'twas I, 'twas I that brought him here! Leave him not to perish thus dreadfully, as you would save me from madness and despair—save, oh, save my father!'

'I will, I will,' exclaimed the agitated man, 'but you are my first care! Dely not on your life; come—come!'

She dropped from his arms to his feet.

'Hear me, De Vere—hear me on the brink of a dread eternity! Hear the weak, the wayward Florence, call God to witness how she loves you! Aye, dearer than the life to me you are; yet here I swear, if you make me guilty of parricide, in murdering my best, my noblest father, I never will see you more! No, my first, fondest friend, guardian, father, we will die together!'

In the commanding agony of majestic despair, she wound her arms around her father's body, and fixing on De Vere her flashing eyes, seemed to defy him to tear her thence.

'Bravest and noblest girl,' he cried, 'the God that made you as his most perfect work will not desert us now! Wrap yourself in this cloak, and follow, follow closely my beloved!'

He raised the senseless form of Mr. Rivers. Florence, with a shriek of joy, assisted him; then pressing her white lips fervently to the brow of De Vere, she said,—

'In life or death I loved you only.'

Blinded by the smoke, almost suffocated by the flame, De Vere felt nothing but that

kiss—yet when reaching the outer door, who shall speak his unutterable agony to find that Florence had not followed them. She had probably fallen, her high wrought strength had given way, and even in death her dauntless courage had uttered no cry or groan. Phrenzied with passion, infuriated with despair, De Vere dashed down the form of the senseless father; with one wild plunge he threw off the hold of those about him, and rushed again into the burning building. All now was flame, the steps scorched, crackled and gave way as his desperate step touched them; large flakes of fire hissed and shriveled on his clothes and flesh, rafters rolled round him, yet with a strength mightier far than death, yea, stronger than Fate, and immutable as Heaven—the strength of Love—he rushed along, and reached the chamber. Already had the dancing, billowy flame invaded the room—already had it encircled the death-like Florence, as with a halo of light—grasping and wrapping her in his ample cloak, De Vere cast but one glance behind him, then springing from the verandah, he leaped with his precious burden, into the waves below, and at the same instant the roof fell in, and all was one crashing ruin!

A low convulsive murmur passed through the crowd, and seemed as the knell of the beautiful being, they believed to have perished, and her devoted lover; but it changed in a moment to a rapturous shout of joy, when the gallant sailor was seen buffeting the waters with one arm, while the other closely grasped his rescued treasure—in another instant he has sprang on shore, and unscathed, except by fear, has laid the daughter in her parent's arms.

'May the God who delights in virtuous deeds reward you, my noble son,' faltered the old man, 'and bless you both together! Take her, she is yours—bless heaven, bless you, my children!'

A faint streak had come to the cheek of Florence, and light dawned in her eye; she placed her small cold hand in his, and drew it against her heart. It was a tacit assurance that for him that heart beat alone; he smiled, strove to speak, reeled, and fell senseless at her feet. For weeks the life of the gallant Wellesley was in exceeding danger:

'Oh! then to die had been to die most happy.'

But fate had willed it otherwise.

[To be Continued.]

From the New-York Mirror.

### The Changes of Fortune.

THE following tale exhibits one of the many instances of distress existing among the poor seamstresses of the city, and the lady who has communicated it for publication in the Mirror, vouches for its authenticity.

'Do you give out work here?' said a voice

so soft so low, so lady like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth day gift from his papa.

'Do you give out work here?'

'Not to strangers,' was the rude reply.

The 'stranger' turned and walked away.

'That purse is very cheap ma'am.'

'I do not wish it now,' said I, as taking up my parasol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale; her hair black as night, was parted on her forehead; her eyes, too, were very black and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow farther? She was evidently suffering much; I was happy; blessed with wealth, and, oh, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked; the door was opened by a cross looking woman.

'Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?' I inquired.

'I guess not,' was the reply. 'There is a woman up stairs who used to work, but she can't get no more to do, and I shall turn her out to-morrow.'

'Let me go up,' said I, as passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

'You can keep on up to the garret,' she screamed after me, and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not, breathed not, but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp brown hair; it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed clothes; words broke from his lips—'I cannot pay you now,' I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed wildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony; sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were before me—'I came to look for a person to do plain work,' was all I could say.

'Oh, give it to me,' she sobbed. 'Two days we have not tasted food! and to-morrow—' she gasped and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving.

'Be comforted—you shall want no more!'



I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West-India Isle, her childhood's home. Of the death of her father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law; how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America; how she sought in vain, but found instead, a husband: he too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love; alone in a crowd, all the world to each other; they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needle work. Too close attention to the duties of the school, long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others gave 'no work to strangers.' Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found indeed a comforter in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night, and dreamed, she said, of her dear George, she called me her kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still deep night, I heard her murmur—'Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me! Oh, mamma, why did you leave me!' Then again she said, 'Give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint.' Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

'Lay me by my George, and God will bless you,' were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and when I gave them the first knowledge of both: then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the 'stranger's heart.'

## BIOGRAPHY.

### Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, and one of the most distinguished females of her time, was born at Thorseby in Nottinghamshire about the year 1690. At the age of four years she had the misfortune to lose her mother, but Lady Mary Fielding supplied to her the place of a parent and superintended her education with the greatest care. In addition to the studies usually

pursued by females at that time, she acquired from the preceptors of her brother a considerable knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. It is said that the celebrated Burnet Bishop of Salisbury, assisted in completing her education. Her early years gave indications of that genius which afterwards shone forth so conspicuously. At the age of twenty-two she was already distinguished for her learning, beauty, and wit. About this time she was privately married to Edward Wortley Montagu, a gentleman of considerable talent and long an influential member of Parliament. At the time of her marriage, the circumstances of her husband were not such as enabled him to offer her a suitable establishment at London during his political engagements there. Three years afterwards, however, he was appointed, through the influence of his cousin, a commissioner in the Treasury Department, and as the nature of his office placed him in near connection with the Court, Lady Montagu was then for the first time presented to that gay scene. No sooner did she enter on its pleasures than her beauty, genius, and conversation attracted universal admiration, and she was beside honored with the personal friendship of Pope and Addison. She was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments of the court of George the 1st.

In 1716, Mr. Wortley was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople and immediately left England on his mission. Lady Montagu did not hesitate for a moment to accompany him, but yielding up the pleasures by which she was surrounded, bid farewell to her native shores and attended her husband on his hazardous and difficult journey. The official character of Mr. Wortley opened to her the door of whatever was attractive or worthy of observation in every country which they visited. Her acquaintance with modern language and Ancient literature, well qualified her to profit by these advantages. The knowledge which she gained of Eastern customs, manners, and scenery, she has communicated to the world in the form of letters written to her various friends in England. To the graphic power of her descriptions, the truth and fidelity of her observations, succeeding travelers have borne ample testimony.

While in Turkey she was honored by Sultan Achmet III. with the privilege of visiting the Harem, never before or since granted to any European. It was during her residence there also, that she made the discovery with regard to the disease called the Small Pox, which has since been of so much value to the world.—While passing the summer months at Belgrade she observed a custom among the peasants which it was said effectually guarded them against that dread-

ful disease. It had before that time been considered incurable. Having examined the process she became convinced of its efficacy. With a courage which cannot be too highly applauded she consented to have the experiment tried upon her own son then three years old. The child received no injury. This encouraged her to introduce it into her own country. Under her support Dr. Maitland her Physician, on his return to England, finally succeeded in effecting that object. In 1721, Government allowed five criminals to avoid sentence of death by undergoing the operation. Its triumph was complete. The College of Physicians sanctioned the operation and it was patronized by the Royal family. It has since been known by the name of inoculation. If Lady Montagu's claim to distinction was grounded on this discovery alone, it would be sufficient. Humanity would acknowledge the claim and her name would be immortal.

After an absence of two years Lady Montagu returned with her husband to England, and again moved with increased eclat among the circles of the Court. The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, regarded her with particular favor. Soon after her return she took up her residence at the celebrated village of Twickenham and resumed her friendship with Pope. It was there that she enjoyed the society of the most distinguished men of the day, Dr. Young, Gay, Swift, Fielding, and Arbuthnot. Dividing her time between these and the pleasures of London society, the life of Lady Montagu glided smoothly on with nothing to ruffle the calm pure stream of its joy. But dark hours were at hand. Owing to conflicting claims of vanity and also to political hostility, the friendship which had hitherto existed between her and Pope, sensibly diminished. It appears on the one hand that she was dissatisfied with the quantity of praise which the world gave Pope for correcting her productions, on the other that Pope himself was rather remiss in disavowing it. Her partiality for Sir Robert Walpole and intimacy with lord Harvey also highly offended Pope who was a follower of Bolingbroke. The publication of her poems 'Town Eclogues' under Pope's name put an end at once to all feelings except those of hatred, and each employed the power of sarcasm and scandal to injure the other.—Pope's conduct with regard to these poems is much to be censured. This unfortunate quarrel gave rise to many black reports concerning the character and conduct of Lady Montagu, which some through envy, and many who at times might have felt the power of her wit, were very willing to believe. In the notices of her life they are mentioned as rumors of the day, propagated by interested and excited persons and like all

such rumors were most probably without foundation. She still lived among the gay and noble but she seemed now to be unhappy. Ill health contributed to render her more so. In 1729, with Mr. Wortley's consent, she resolved on fixing her abode in Italy. On her journey she visited Venice, where much respect was shown her, Rome, Naples, Chambery, and Avignon, and finally settled herself at Brescia. From this city she afterwards removed to Lover on the shore of lake Iseo, for the benefit of its mineral waters.—Here surrounded by a select society and amusing herself with her books and vineyard, she seems to have passed her time with much contentment and tranquillity of mind. In 1753 she left her solitude for the pleasures of Venice where she remained till 1761, when after an absence of twenty-two years she returned to England. But her life was now ended. She died August 21st, 1762.

Such is a brief memorial of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Her works were not regularly published till after her death, if we except the 'Town Eclogues' which long went under Pope's name and were printed without her consent. Some of her fugitive pieces also appeared without her permission, in the publications of the day. In 1803 her Poems and letters together with a memoir of her life were published and formed the first correct edition of her works.

As a poet Lady Montagu does not rank much above mediocrity. Her poems it is true, possess many beauties, but are disfigured by much carelessness and often by an indelicacy of sentiment, and expression, altogether unworthy a lady of her rank and acquirements. Her principal merit is to be found in her letters which are certainly among the best and most entertaining in that species of Literature.—Whether we follow her through the sunny lands of the east and behold the scenery, the people, palaces and temples, which she calls up in vivid colors before us, or through Venice, Rome, and Naples, and to her retirement on the shores of lake Iseo, or whether we listen to her details of the follies of a heartless Court, we are at all times struck with the graphic power of her descriptions, the ease of her style, the correctness of her taste, and the force of her judgment.

Her letters to her daughter from her retirement at lake Iseo, breathe such a calm and pensive regret for her own troubles, and so pure and tender affection for her child as must forcibly impress every reader with the goodness of her heart.

It is true that many bright lights have since her time arisen from the ranks of her sex and astonished the world with the splendor of their burning—that England has since

justly boasted of a Hannah More, an Edgeworth, and a Hemans; and America, we are proud to say it, of a Sedgwick and a Sigourney, writers it must be conceded, entitled to higher literary distinction than Lady Montagu, yet we must remember the age in which she lived. It was indeed one of poets, statesmen, and philosophers, but its records tell of few instances of female genius and learning. Among those few she stands first, and has the credit of setting a bright example before her sex which many of them have followed with well deserved honor. While Lady Montagu will in every age hold a high rank among female authors, she will at the same time ever be remembered as a great public benefactor.

J. S.

### MISCELLANY.

#### The Grass and the Flower.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

A LOVELY flower stood blooming on a bush alone. It was the admiration of all, but most of itself. It unveiled its painted leaves in the sun; yet it glittered with the dew of the morning, and breathed pleasant fragrance upon the air. Throned amid the fresh green leaves, which sheltered as well as ornamented it, nothing could be more charming and graceful. Every passer by, said, 'look what a beautiful flower.'

Beneath this pretty and delicate creature of Providence there spread a great meadow, here swelling into undulations and sloping till it fringed the bank of a running stream. The flower looked down on the lovely grass and with a sneering air, and in a haughty tone, gave utterance to these sentiments:

'Behold this insolent grass, what does it so close to me? How different in appearance and destiny from me! Never does it hear the admiring murmurs I excite. It emits no fragrant odor, but remains to be trodden under foot by all who list, unvalued and unnoticed. I should like to know for what it was created.'

'Ignorant and conceited flower,' replied the grass, 'that question might be better asked of thyself; for thou art as useless, idle and fleeting as thou art pretty. True the scent which arises from thy silken leaves is grateful, but where will it be to-morrow? The gleaming of thy soft colors, too, amid verdant leaves—but how soon do they fade on the ground? Evanescent child of vanity? I have witnessed the brief existence and death of a thousand such as thou, living unvalued and perishing unmourned; and dost thou sneer at me because my stem is not so slender and so brittle, my blades so fair as thine? Know that the wise regard me, even for my beauty, more than they do thee. I spread over the earth, a carpet of velvet. I

clothe the uplifted hills in mantles of verdure. I furnish food for hundreds of animals who derive from me the power to gratify man with the most delicious luxuries. The wind blows over me and hurts me not. The sunshine falls upon me and I am yet unwithered. The snows of the winter cover me and I am yet ready to beautify the earliest spring. Even the steps of the many who tread upon me, do not prevent my growing ever bright and cheerful; and Heaven has blessed me with a color of all others the most grateful to human eyes.'

The fancy flower was about to reply, when a passer by plucked it, admired it, and threw it away.

#### Marriage Anecdote.

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to relate the following anecdote:

'My cousin, Watty Scott,' said he, 'was a midshipman some forty years ago, in a ship at Portsmouth. He and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at the tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady said, 'No, gentlemen, you shall not escape without paying your reckoning; and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs.—They felt they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released.'

'No, no,' said Mrs. Quickly, 'I must be satisfied one way or t'other; you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time.' They made long faces, and confessed that it was true. 'Well,' said she, 'I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband—or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go to-morrow is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—n which it is; but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three to to jail, and your ship sails without you!'

'The virago was not to to pacified; and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine apiece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to



be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipman's berth; and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out, 'Thanks to God, my wife is hanged!'

#### Uncle Benjamin's Sermon.

Nor many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure. 'Rely upon it, Sammy,' said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, 'murmuring pays no bills.' 'I have been an observer any time these fifty years and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrow the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any the better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.'

'Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'Here is something which you have got to learn.' 'Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over, yet, though you have a wife and two children.'

'Ay,' cried Sammy, 'you may say that, and a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.'

'Softly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulk-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan; and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea-pots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:

'First, That you have saved too *little*, and spent too *much*. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one half aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy day.

'Secondly, that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any fur-

ther than he can see the substance. You may now learn, that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

'Thirdly, That you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy, wins the race.

'Fourthly, That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

'Fifthly, That you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in past times.

'Sixthly, That you may be thankful that our lot is no worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

'And, lastly, To end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

#### Infancy.

WHAT is more beautiful than an infant; Look at its spotless brow; and its soft ruddy lips, which have never uttered an unholy word—and its blue laughing eye, as it lays on the breast of its fond mother! Look, it has stretched out its white hand, and is playfully twisting her hair around its tiny fingers. Look at an infant! it is innocence endued with life; the counterpart of holiness. It requires nothing but the pleasant look of its mother, and her warm kiss upon its lily cheek, to make it happy. You may talk to it of sorrow, of misery, of death, but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chills of disappointment! it has never writhed beneath the pang of affliction and its guiltless heart knows nothing of the emptiness, the hollow professions, and cold-heartedness of the world; and would to God that the cup may be broken ere it may be lifted to its lip.

THERE was a boy in my class at school, says Sir Walter Scott, who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him.—Day after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would, till at length I observed, that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was

again questioned, his finger sought for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress, he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, nor ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolution.—*Lockhart.*

**BACKWOOD'S BON MOT.**—When the earthquake of 1811 destroyed New Madrid, and so fearfully affected the country along the Mississippi, the inhabitants, finding that the openings in the soil from each successive shock ran parallel to each other, felled trees, upon whose trunks they were secure from chasms which ever and anon gaped between them. Appalling as was the scene, some of the wood cutters took it very coolly; and one old fellow, who for many years afterwards helped to supply the steamboats of the Mississippi, was heard to exclaim, in the midst of the scene of terrors—'Come Bill, taint no use sitting all day on this log—let's take to our axes again; the earthquake's no great shakes after all.'—*N. Y. Mirror.*

'WAITER,' said a young fellow, going into a coffee house one rainy day, 'I hope you have got a good fire, for I am confoundedly *wet*, and let me have something to drink directly, for I am confoundedly *dry* also.'

#### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

O. P. & S. B. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; E. C. East Guilford, Vt. \$1.00; S. N. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. W. Milan, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. B. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; E. P. M. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; H. N. D. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.50; P. M. Mandana, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. Hallenbeck's, Ms. \$1.00; D. B. L. Arcadia, N. Y. \$3.00; G. E. H. Wilmington, O. \$5.00; C. H. Troy, \$6.00.

#### MARRIED.

At Waterville, Hillsdale, Tuesday the 13th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John Whiteman to Miss Margaret Maria Van Allen, both of that village.

In Ancram on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sayers, Mr. Charles Velle, of Gallatin, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Mr. John P. White Esq. of Ancram.

#### DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 21st ult. Mrs. Maria Van Deogert, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 13th ult. Sarah E. daughter of Moses and Julia Ann Cox, aged 16 months and 24 days.

On the 18th ult. Robert A. son of Robert and Phebe Ann McNeal, aged 6 months and 18 days.

On the 22 ult. William K. son of John and Jane Reynolds, aged 9 months and 14 days.

On the 24th ult. Mr. William Bradley, son of the late Abraham Bradley, aged 38 years.

In Greenport, on the 16th ult. Mr. William Shaw, in the 60th year of his age.

In Ghent, on the 9th ult. Mrs. Ruth White, aged 94 years and 18 days.

At Claverack, on the 21st ult. Sophia, daughter of Leonard Freeland, Esq. aged about 22 years.

In Chatham, Columbia County, on the 10th ult. Col. Joshua Angel, a soldier of the Revolution, in the 78th year of his age.

At New-Lebanon Springs, on the 16th ult. of Typhus Fever, Miss Maria Nichols, youngest daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Nichols. Her loss is deeply felt by a numerous circle of attached friends.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

**My Sisters.**

LIKE flowers that softly bloom together,  
Upon one fair and fragile stem,  
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,  
Ere strange rude hands have parted them;  
So were we linked unto each other,  
Sweet Sisters, in our childish hours,  
For then one fond and gentle Mother  
To us was like the stem to flowers.

She was the golden thread that bound us  
In one bright chain together here,  
Till Death unloosed the cord around us.  
And we were severed far and near.  
The floweret's stem when broke or shattered,  
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,  
Yet round the buds, though widely scattered,  
The same soft perfume still we find.

And thus, although the tie is broken  
That linked us round our mother's knee,  
The memory of words we've spoken  
When we were children light and free,  
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,  
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,  
As when we slept on one fond bosom,  
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know what changes have come o'er us;  
Sweet sisters, we are not the same;  
For different paths now lie before us,  
And all three have a different name;  
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers  
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,  
So much of life around them lingers  
I cannot trace those shadows now.

Ye both have those who love ye only,  
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown;  
While like a stream that wanders lonely  
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.  
My heart is like the wind that beareth  
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—  
The wind that for no creature careth,  
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing.

It hath rich thoughts, for ever leaping  
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,  
That with their music still are keeping  
Soft time with every fitful breeze.  
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,  
The sounds from hidden solitudes,  
And the deep flow of far off rivers,  
And the loud rush of many floods—

All these and more stir in my bosom  
Feelings that make my spirit glad,  
Like dew drops shaken in a blossom;  
And yet there is a something sad  
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds that hover  
Above us in the quiet air,  
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over,  
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, Sisters, these wild thoughts were never  
Yours, for ye would not love like me  
To gaze upon the stars for ever—  
To hear the wind's wild melody;  
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,  
And linger round a cheerful hearth,

Than mark the stars' bright hiding places  
As they peep out upon the earth.

But, sisters, as the stars of even  
Shrink from day's golden, flashing eye,  
And melting in the depths of heaven,  
Veil their soft beams within the sky;  
So will we pass, the joyous hearted,  
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,  
Till every link of earth be parted,  
To form in heaven one mystic chain.

AMELIA.

From the New-York American.

**The Nautilus.\***

THE Nautilus ever loves to glide,  
Upon the crest of the radiant tide,  
When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,  
Look over the sea for a lovely sight!  
You may watch and watch for many a mile,  
And never see Nautilus all the while,  
Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,  
Lo! there is a barque in the sunlight tost!

'Sail ho! and whither away so fast?  
What a curious thing she has rigged for a mast!  
'Ahoy! ahoy! don't you hear our hail?'  
How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail?  
The good ship Nautilus—yes, 'tis she!  
Sailing over the gold of the placid sea:  
And, though she never will deign reply,  
I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where Nautilus can be bound:  
Or does she always sail round and round,  
With her fairy Queen and her court on board,  
And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde?  
Does she roam and roam till the evening light,  
And where does she go in the deep midnight?  
So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,  
Or weather the blow of 'a fine stiff gale.'

Oh, the self-same hand, that holds the chain,  
Which the ocean binds to the rocky main:  
Which guard from wreck when the tempest raves,  
And the stout ship reels on the surging waves,  
Directs the course of thy little barque,  
And in the light or the shadow dark,  
And near the shore or far at sea,  
Makes safe a billowy path for thee

P. B.

\* Those who have beheld that beautiful miniature, or rather apparition, of a vessel, called 'the Nautilus,' will recognize the fidelity, if not the poetry of these lines, which some, by the bye, may consider more appropriate for a child's annual, than the columns of a discreet newspaper.

From the New-Yorker.

**Frost and the Flower Garden.**

THE Dahlia called to the Mignonette,  
And what do you think she said?  
'King Frost has been seen in the vale below!'  
—And they trembled and shook with dread.

Then the Wax-berry knocked at the Woodbine's  
bower,

Looking as pale as clay—  
'Have you got any water, dear friend?' said she,  
'I'm afraid I shall faint away!'

Poor Love-lies-bleeding sighed and wept—  
'Twas a pitiful sight to see;  
'Yet I don't know as I can be any worse off  
Than I've been through the summer,' said he.

'Alas!' the gay Carnation cried,  
'The Rose, on her dying day,  
Bade me prepare for this solemn hour;  
But I've trifled my time away.'

The Poppy complained that her nerves were hurt  
By her neighbors' noise and fright;  
And the Coxcomb said 'twas a burning shame  
To trouble a belle so bright.

Lady Larkspur nodded her graceful head,  
And whispered the young sweet Pea—  
'Have you heard the terrible news, my love?'  
—'Tis nothing but gossip,' said she:

'For the sun went down with as mild a face  
As ever he had in his life;  
And my master walks with a pleasant smile,  
And so does the lady his wife.'

'Cousin Zephyr was here,' cried the Asters fair,  
'He made us a morning call,  
And if such tidings as these were true  
He would surely have told us all.'

'Tis doubtless a hoax,' said the Sunflower grave  
'Don't you think that the higher powers  
Would have told it to one of my rank before  
Those pert little radical flowers?'

Yet still Mimosa stood all aghast,  
And the Marigold feared to stir;  
And the Mourning Widow quaked anew,  
Though the would was dark to her.

But Constancy looked with a changeless eye  
On King Frost and his legions proud;  
For she kept the sunbeam in her heart,  
And her trust was above the cloud. L. H. S.  
Hartford, Ct. 1837.

From the Lady's Annual Register for 1838.

**The Earth is Beautiful.**

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE whole broad earth is beautiful  
To minds attuned aright,  
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,  
A smile has met my sight.

The city with its bustling walk,  
Its splendor, wealth and power,  
A ramble by the river side,  
A passing summer flower.

The meadow green, the ocean swell,  
The forest waving free,  
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones  
Of kindness to me.

And oh, where'er my lot is cast,  
Where'er my footsteps roam,  
If those I love are near to me,  
That spot is still my home.

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